

The Mirror

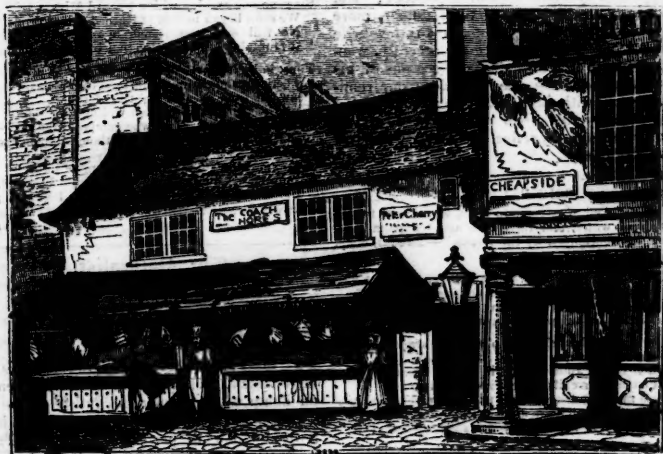
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 909]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE BIRTHPLACE OF H. K. WHITE, NOTTINGHAM.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong;
Betray'd too early, and beguill'd too long;
Each feeling pure, as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrifi'd at last.

THE CORRAINE.

LEST "Decay's effacing finger" should too soon obliterate the birthplace of one endeared to his country by more than common ties, we this week present the reader with the above credited engraving.

Fifty-three years have passed away since Henry drew his first breath in the humble dwelling here represented:—The room over the butcher's shop of "Mee," to the left of the sign "Coach and Horses," was the one then occupied by the Poet's father, and where the young aspirant after fame struggled into life. There are dear associations at all times to bind us to the birthplace or connexions of genius, and here materials for contemplation plentifully abound.

White, according to Southey, was the son of a butcher, and was born on the 21st of March, 1785. At a very youthful age his rising faculties developed themselves; he was predicted by his early school-mistress to inherit all the traits of disposition necessary for eminence and renown, which in after-years were found not wrongly calcu-

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lated. His lines on "Childhood" thus allude to his first kind preceptor:—

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears;
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd thro' life.

Genius is but too often allied to misfortune; and it would appear from general observation, that what fortune so ill supplies in a pecuniary point of view, in the lofty inspirations of thought she oftentimes affords an ample remuneration.

This gifted, virtuous youth, continued for a time his unremitting studies; till nature, at last, wearied and exhausted, yielded his spirit to him who gave it, on the 19th of Oct., 1806: thus fulfilling the truth of a known adage, that

"Heaven's belov'd die early."

Whether the short life of this young and amiable man be held as an example to the rising youth of our nation, or shown to the more wearied traveller in life's frail scene, the same moral is alike applicable. To the one, the propelling hand of perseverance points to ambition and honour; to the other,

meekness and submission under all afflictions. Byron did not eulogize undeservedly the character of the poet;—his countrymen yet forget not the charms of his soothing lyre;—and Britain mourns the departure of her favourite.

A brief sketch of his life, and a glance at the material poems of White, have already appeared by a talented Correspondent; * and having, on the banks of the Humber, more than once reclined beneath his favourite tree,† and having, still more recently, wandered with him over the fairy regions of his youthful romance, we now close our reminiscence with his birthplace; consecrated as it is by ties of no ordinary nature, and endeared to us by reflections which will never be forgotten.

W. ANDREW.

THE PALM-TREE.

—“And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees, and they encamped by the waters.”—*Exodus*, chap. 15, verse 27.

MAJESTIC PALM! tow’ring on Lebanon.
On Sinai’s hallow’d mount abiding still,
And beautiful as when upon thee shone
The lightning gleam that mark’d the sacred hill.

Thy graceful branches fall o’er lonely streams,
Far in the sunny vales of Palestine,
Where one of Judah’s race, in musing dream,
Perchance recalls the glories of his line:
Once more the temple’s splendours round him shine;
And kings, and gifted seers, and priests, again
On sad remembrance rise, a shadowy train!

All holy thoughts and memories dwell with thee,
When Angels veil’d awhile their lustre fair,
And sat beneath thy shade, fair eastern tree!
In mercy visiting a world of care;—
Oh! who may tell the awe and reverence there,
Felt by the sacred few, before whose sight
Celestial guests appear’d in radiance bright!

Beside the water’s brim, so lone and deep,
In the wild desert’s heart, high palm-trees rose;
On the parch’d ground their graceful shadows sleep,
And there the heaven-directed host repose.
Beside the fountains cool their camels stray,
And silence reigns throughout the sultry day.

Enchanted land! in far off elder days,
A light divine did on thy deserts gleam;
Now, o’er thy fallen pride, the pilgrim strays,
To gaze and weep by Jordan’s hallow’d stream.
To sit beneath the Palm-Tree, spreading fair,
To muse on what has been,—what now is there!

ANNE R.—

THE OAK’S PROGRESS.*

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thiefish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin’d.
The unborn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But faith thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent-tree mellow’d the soil,
Design’d thy cradle, and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar’d
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

* Anne R., see *Mirror*, vol. xxix., pp. 3, 4; also also, vol. vi., pp. 298, 306.

† For an engraving and description of which, see Vol. xxvii. and xxviii., pp. 161.—319.

Time made thee what thou wast—king of the woods,
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in! thou hast outliv’d
Thy popularity, and art become,
(Unless verse rescue thee a while,) a thing
Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth!

SONNET.

SITTING one evening with a learned Miss,
We soon began to talk of learned things;
Not frills or flowers, rigmorale or rings,
But fountains full of intellectual bliss.

Thus, in high converse, from some distant place
There came a strain of music, soft and clear;
I saw a flash of pleasure light her face,
And whisper’d poesy in her willing ear.
She smil’d, and asked me who compos’d the lines—
Where they were from? She thought them excel-
lent,
And more expressive than the song of birds,
When earth, with lovely spring-flowers is besprent.
I answer’d Milton. She said, “Yes, I know it;
I’ve read his works—uncommon pretty poet!”

PETER.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—II.

Cells of Plants.

THE most simple form of a vegetable is a mere vesicle. The green mould which forms on damp walls is an aggregation of these vesicles, and is supposed to consist of an infinite number of perfect vegetables. The crimson snow, which has been observed in the Arctic regions, is also considered to owe its colour to minute vegetables. The following extract from the narrative of Captain Ross’s first voyage, gives an interesting account of this remarkable phenomenon:—

“On the 17th of August, (1818,) it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting; being apparently stained or covered by some substance, which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were formed respecting the cause of this phenomenon; and a party was despatched from the ship, to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated (in many places to the depth of ten or twelve feet) by the colouring matter, and had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. On being brought on board, the snow was examined by a microscope, magnifying a hundred times; and the substance appeared to consist of particles, resembling a very minute round seed; all of them being of the same size, and of a deep red colour. On being dissolved in water, the latter had the appearance of muddy port-wine; and in a few hours it deposited a sediment, which was again examined by the microscope; and, on being bruised, was found to be composed entirely of red matter, which (when applied to paper) produced a colour

resembling Indian red. It was the opinion of Dr. Wollaston, (who was consulted when the ship returned to England,) that this was not a marine production, but a vegetable substance, produced in the mountain immediately above." The voyagers soon afterwards encountered some red ice; but it was found to owe its colour to red paint, scraped off the bows of the ship.

Probably every part of a plant, when first formed, is a cell, and the great bulk of many plants is composed of cells; passages being left between them for the sap. Originally these cells are of a round form, but they generally acquire a hexagonal shape from pressure; like the cells in a bee-hive, and probably from the same cause. To illustrate this, we may mention, that if a batch of flat, round cakes be put into an oven, during the expansion caused by baking they will assume a hexagonal form. The pulp of all fruits lies in cells, which, in this case, are generally of a round or of an elliptical form. They are seen well in the orange. Cells are sometimes of a cylindrical form; their length being greater than their diameter.

Vessels of Plants.

1. *Lymphatic Vessels.*—These vessels are long, hollow tubes; often, but not always, too small to be discerned by the naked eye. They are well seen in an old oak or elm; and in mahogany, appear like black dots. They run from the root to the end of the branches. In very old wood, these vessels are sometimes found filled up.—Their office is to transmit water, which was called by the ancients *lymph*; for they mistook it for a fluid having peculiar properties. They are sometimes called *common vessels*.

2. *Spiral Vessels.*—These vessels are called by some *trachea*, or *air-tubes*; the "wind-pipe" of animals (which conveys air into the lungs) being called the *trachea*. They are supposed by many to carry air; but their real use is not known. They are not *sap-vessels*, as Dr. Darwin thought they were; for they are never found in the root, and are always dry. M. Dutrochet (a celebrated continental botanist) is of opinion that they convey to the leaves an ethereal fluid, which is coagulable by nitric acid, and serves the same purpose as oxygen does in animals—ministering to respiration. They go to all parts of the leaves, and even to the seeds: they resemble a flat thread, rolled into a spiral form; and may be seen in the stem of a tulip, if we break it cautiously, and draw the fractured ends gently across. Dutrochet thinks that the spiral turns of the thread (which is itself hollow) are connected by a membrane, so as to make a larger tube, formed by the convolutions of the smaller one.

3. *Proper Vessels.*—These are also called *returning vessels*, because they return the sap, after it has undergone the proper change in the leaves. They take their rise from the back of the latter, and extend through all the plant. Sometimes they end in blind extremities, or *sacs*. If the bark be cut across, these vessels pour out a white fluid. Decandolle (another eminent continental botanist) calls them *repositories*. It is in these vessels (in those plants which yield it) that camphor is found; for that well-known substance is at first in a fluid state, and becomes solid from exposure to the air.

Plants of the lowest class (called *Cryptogamia*) have no vessels at all, but consist entirely of cells. Lately, however, vessels have been found in some of the ferns, which belong to the class in question. When a tree is *bored* or *tapped*, it is from its vessels that fluid issues. It is thus that the birch is tapped, and wine is made from the fluid which is poured out; and, in the same way, sugar is obtained from the sap of the maple-tree. In the tropics there is a remarkable tree, which supplies the natives with drink, when no rain falls for months.

Bark of Plants.

The bark is the part in which the medicinal virtues of plants generally reside; as is the case with cinnamon-bark, cinchona-bark, &c. The design of their containing the bitter principle in the one case, and the odoriferous principle in the other, is probably to defend the plant from insects. The bark of plants often contains gallic acid and tannin. The willow and the walnut yield the latter abundantly, and the plants which grow in bogs contain much of it. This it is which is said to give to bogs their antiseptic properties, by which men have been preserved in them for centuries. A few years ago, there was found in one of the bogs in Ireland the body of a man, who, from the hide in which he was enveloped, was considered to have been one of the ancient inhabitants of the island. We are not sure, however, that the antiseptic properties of bogs are owing to tannin; for some bogs do not yield it. St. Pierre informs us, that, in some countries, fallen trees are found, having all their wood decayed, but with the bark retaining its shape. Mrs. Trollope seems to have met with a tree of this kind, in her *pic-nic* in the American forest. In submarine forests, the bark is the only part of the trees which remains perfect.

There is a great quantity of mucilage in the bark of young trees, by which the latter are nourished. Bark for medical use, or the purposes of the arts, should be taken in autumn or winter; for its peculiar principles are absorbed into the wood, if left till spring. In northern countries, the bark of

the fir, and other trees, is sometimes ground, and used as a substitute for flour. The bark of many plants is furnished with prickles, as a means of defence. The plants which yield gum-arabic and gum-tragacanth, for instance, are defended by prickles. Some trees are guarded by prickles only to the height that cattle can reach. Many fruit-trees (such as the plum-tree and the pear-tree) are furnished with thorns, in their natural state, but lose them when cultivated in gardens.

Much additional information in that department of Botany which has engaged our attention in this paper, will be found in a "Treatise on Vegetable Physiology," in the "Library of Useful Knowledge." We take the opportunity of recommending, to those who wish to study the higher departments of the science. Dr. Lindley's Treatise on Botany, which likewise forms a part of the "Library." We regret that, contrary to the expectation originally held out, it has remained for months, and even years, unfinished.

N. R.

THE SNOW WREATH.

THIS climate o' Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very near freezin' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter end of February, as far as my memory serves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violent slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

Says Marm Bailey to me, Mr. Slick, says she, I don't know what onder the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax here, and a batch of moose-hunting officers, and I don't know who all; and the house is chock full, I declare. Well, says I, I'm no ways particular—I can put up with most anything. I'll gist take a stretch here, afore the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'most chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come, says I, first sarved, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word now-a-days. Yes, I'll gist take the hearth-rug for it, and a good warm birth it is too. Well, says she, I can't think o' that at no rate: there's old Mrs. Fairns in the next street but one; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes: I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again.

So arter supper, old Johany Farquhar, the English help, showed me up to the widder's.

She was considerable in years, but a cheerful old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gall I ever seed since I was created. There was somethin' or another about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely-looking critter, but her countenance was and; she was tall and well made, had beautiful lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but, oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had, was a little fever-like-lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble like; and yet whatever it was,—natur', or consumption, or desartion, or settin' on the anxious benches, or what not,—that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one morsel, but was full formed and well waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for somethin' or another had gone wrong,—that was clear; some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot thereabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me, she looked so streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder superstitious. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry, and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll gist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty cute ears in Annapolis; there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over town in two twos, and sometimes they think they hear 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and funny stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a laff, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chatted away as if there was nothin' above partikiler; but still no smile; her face was cold and clear and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and so transparent too, you could see the veins in it. Arter a while, the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it; but, oh! my sake's, how cold; it was like goin' down into a well in summer—it made my blood fairly thicken agin. Your tumbler is out, aquire: try a little more of that lemonade; that iced water is grand. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin' wood, (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate;) and then I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half-clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes round me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets,—and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad,—they went off like thunder, and, now and then,

you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't show his nose to it for one minit, and the snow crackin' and crumplin' under his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the window looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartainty. If I go for to drop off a sleep, as sure as the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heerin' tell of folks afore now feelin' dozy like, out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and goin' for it, and I don't half like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in another,—then I doubled up all on a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend;—at last I began to nod and doze, and fancy I see'd a flock o' sheep a takin' a split for it, over a wall, and tried to count 'em, one by one, and couldn't; and then I'd start up, and then nod ag'in. I felt it a comin' all over, in spite of all I could do; and, thinks I, it ain't so everlastin' long to day-light now; I'll try it any how—I'll be darned if I don't—so here goes.

Just as I shot my eyes, and made up my mind for a nap, I hears a low moan and a sob; well, I sits up and listens, but all was silent again. Nothin' but them eternal nails agoin' off, one arter t'other, like any thing. Thinks I to myself, the wind's a gettin' up, I estimate; it's as like as not we shall have a change o' weather. Presently I heerd a light step on the entry, and the door opens softly, and in walks the widder's darter on tip toe, dressed in a long white wrapper; and after peerin' all round to see if I was asleep she goes and sits down in the chimbley corner, and picks up the coals and fixes the fire, and sits alookin' at it for ever so long. Oh! so sad, and so melancholy; it was dreadful to see her. Says I, to myself, says I, what on airth brings the poor critter here, all alone, this time o' night; and the air so plaguay cold, too. I guess, she thinks I'll freeze to death; or, perhaps, she's walkin' in her sleep. But there she sot lookin' more like a ghost than a human,—first she warmed one foot and then the other; and then held her hands over the coals and moaned bitterly. Dear! dear! thinks I, that poor critter is a freezin' to death as well as me; I do believe the world is a comin' to an eend right off, and we shall all die of cold, and I shivered all over. Presently she got up, and I saw her face part covered, with her long black hair, and the other parts so white and so cold, it chilled me to look at it, and her footsteps I consaited sounded louder, and I cast my eyes down to her feet, and I actilly did fancy they looked froze. Well, she come near the bed,

and lookin at me, stood for a space without stirrin', and then she cried bitterly. He, too, is doomed, said she; he is in the sleep of death, and so far from home, and all his friends, too. Not yet, said I, you dear critter you, not yet, you may depend;—but you will be, if you don't go to bed;—so says I, do, for gracious sake, return to your room, or you will perish. It's frozen, says she; it's deathly cold; the bed is a snow wreath, and the pillow is ice, and the coverlid is congealed; the chill has struck into my heart, and my blood has ceased to flow. I'm doomed, I'm doomed to die; and oh! how strange, how cold is death! Well, I was all struck up of a heap; I didn't know what on airth to do; says I to myself, says I, here's this poor gall in my room carryin' on like ravin' distracted mad in the middle of the night here; she's oneasy in her mind, and is awalkin' as sure as the world, and how it's agoin' to eend, I don't know,—that's a fact. Katey, says I, dear, I'll get up and give you my bed if you are cold, and I'll go and make up a great rousin' big fire, and I'll call up the old lady, and she will see to you, and get you a hot drink; somethin' must be done, to a sartainty, for I can't bear to hear you talk so. No, says she, not for the world; what will my mother say, Mr. Slick? and me here in your room, and nothin' but this wrapper on; it's too late now; it's all over; and with that she fainted, and fell right across the bed. Oh, how cold she was! the chill struck into me; I feel it yet; the very thoughts is enough to give one the ague. Well, I'm a modest man, squire; I was always modest from a boy;—but there was no time for ceremony now, for there was a sufferin', dyin' critter—so I drew her in, and folded her in my arms, in hopes she would come to, but death was there.

I breathed on her icy lips, but life seemed extinct, and every time I pressed her to me, I shrunk from her till my back touched the cold gypsum wall. It felt like a tomb, so chill, so damp, so cold—(you have no notion how cold them are kind o' walls are, they beat all natur')—squeezed between this frozen gall on one side, and the icy plaster on the other, I felt as if my own life was a ebbin' away fast. Poor critter! says I, has her care of me brought her to this pass? I'll press her to my heart once more; p'raps the little heat that's left there may revive her, and I can but die a few minutes sooner. It was a last effort, but it succeeded; she seemed to breathe again—I spoke to her, but she couldn't answer, tho' I felt her tears flow fast on my bosom; but I was actilly sinkin' fast myself now,—I felt my eend approachin'. Then came reflection, bitter and sad thoughts they were too, I tell you. Dear, dear! said I; here's a pretty kettle o' fish, ain't there? we shall be both found dead here in the

morning, and what will folks say of this beautiful gall, and of one of our free and enlightened citizens, found in such a scrape? Nothin' will be too bad for 'em that they can lay their tongues to: that's a fact: the Yankee villain, the cheatin' Clockmaker, the —: the thought gave my heart a jurge, so sharp, so deep, so painful, I awoke and found I was ahuggin' a snow wreath, that had sifted thro' a hole in the roof on the bed; part had melted and trickel'd down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes, and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad—it was all a dream, you may depend—but amazin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid out at this place for three weeks with the 'cute rheumatism,—that's a fact.—*Sam Slick, Second Series.*

Potes of a Reader.

A CHAPTER ON OYSTERS.

OYSTERS! food fit for the gods! What had been the banquets of Apicius without ye? The shell that cradled Venus on the waters must have been an oyster-shell. Delicious children of the sea! ye were my solace in that all-nameless hour, when my heart was heavy within me,—when the present was a blank, the future a dark abyss, the past a shadowy desert. Then, in the recklessness of my despair, not knowing whether I had an appetite or not, I said, "Give me oysters!" and I ate of them. Lo! the clouds that shrouded my mind vanished:

"My bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne."

I lived—I joyed in life. Hogarth, that accurate observer of nature, represents a man at an election dinner dying with an oyster on his fork. Tell me, thou chronicler of the past, is there, on thy pages, the record of a death more glorious? A man may be sentimental over an oyster.

Man has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals, who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems, after all, to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals, he shines pre-eminent; here, he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four kinds of food to suit the taste, but this sense, in man, accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe,—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister

to his palate, and the whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary mines to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands; while others fit out vessels, and, amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices, that add piquancy to a favourite dish! But, after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials, collectively, to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes which he manufactures from them, by skillful combinations, or incongruous mixtures?

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters, but still they seem to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagancies of an Helio-gabalus, his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of Arabia must have been scoured and desolated; but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable, save its monstrous folly.

Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors, and whether they are right or wrong may be perfectly sincere and well-meaning in their opinions; but, whoever denies the complete supremacy of the Oyster, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness.

MEDITATIONS ON A NEWLY-OPENED COLCHESTER NATIVE.

With feelings strange and undefin'd I gaze upon thy face,
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race,
How calmly, yea, how meekly, thou reclinest in thy shell,

Yet, what thy woes and sufferings are, man may conjecture well!

For thou hast life, as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,

And, could'st thou speak, might draw forth tears as briny as thy brine;

For thou wast torn from friends and home, and all thy heart could wish,
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish!

Perhaps thou wast but newly join'd to some soft plump, young bride,

Who op'd her mouth for food with thee, when flow'd the flowing tide;*

Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,

Who sadly wail for him, alas! who never will return.

Thou wast happy on thy native bed, where blithesome billows play,

Till the cruel fisher wrench'd thee from thy "home, sweet home!" away;

* Dr. Kitchener says, that oysters taken from the river, and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.

He stow'd thee in his coble, and he row'd thee to the strand—
Thou wast bought, and sold, and open'd, and plac'd in this right hand!

I know that, while I moralize, thy flavour fades away,—

I know that thou should'st be aye alive,* before thy sweets decay!—

I know that it is foolishness, this weak delay of mine, And epicures may laugh at it, as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,

Thou wretched and ill-fated one! thou sad and desolate!

O'er thee, and o'er thy kindred, hangs one all-consuming doom.

To die a slow and lingering death, or, living, find a tomb!

E'en I, the friend of all thy kind, when I think of what thou art,

When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,

Can delay the fate no longer; one look,—it is my last!

A gulp;—one more;—a silent pause, a sigh, and all is past!

THE DEATH-BED SCENE OF A MURDERER.

I SHALL never forget the horror of that young man's dissolution. He lay, at times, the picture of terror, gazing upon the walls, along which, in his imagination, crept myriads of loathsome reptiles, which now some frightful monster, and now a fire-lipped demon, stealing out of the shadows and preparing to dart upon him as their prey. Now he would whine and weep, as if asking forgiveness for some act of wrong done to the being man is most constant to wrong—the loving, the feeble, the confiding; and anon, seized by a tempest of passion, the cause of which could only be imagined, he would start up, fight, foam at the mouth, and fall back in convulsions. Once he sat up in bed, and, looking like a corpse, began to sing a bacchanalian song; on another occasion, after lying for many minutes in apparent stupefaction, he leaped out of bed before he could be prevented, and, uttering a yell that was heard in the street, endeavoured to throw himself from the window.

But the last raving act of all was the most horrid. He rose upon his knees with a strength that could not be resisted, caught up his pillow, thrust it down upon the bed with both hands and there held it, with a grim countenance and a chuckling laugh. None understood the act but myself: no other could read the devilish thoughts then at work in his bosom. It was the scene enacted in the chamber of his parent—he was repeating the deed of murder—he was exulting, in imagination, over a successful parricide.

In this thought he expired; for, while still pressing upon the pillow with a giant's

* Those who wish to eat this delicious restorative in the utmost perfection, must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own grawy in the under shell; if not eaten absolutely alive, its flavour and spirit are lost.
—Kitchener.

strength, he suddenly fell on his face, and when turned over was a corpse. He gave but a single gasp, and was no more.

THE GREAT FALL OF NIAGARA.

It has been said, that the tremors or sentiments of those who march to battle, are dissipated by the bustling of caparisoned horses, the rolling of the war-drum, the clangour of the trumpet, the clink and fall of swords—"the noise of the captains and the shouting." Some such kind of inspiration is given to the thoughtful and observant man, who goes under the Great Fall of Niagara. As I moved along behind my sable guide, holding on to his dexter,

"Even as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast."

while the waters dashed fiercer and more fiercely around about me, methought I had, in an evil hour, surrendered myself to perdition, and was now being dragged thither by the ebon paw of Satan. Shortly, however, the stormy music of Niagara took possession of my soul; and had Abaddon himself been there, I could have followed him home. For one moment only I faltered. The edge of the sheet nearest the Canada side, from its rude and fretting contact with the shore above, comes down with a stain of reddish brown. Near Termination Rock, you pass by that dim border of the Fall, and exchanging recent darkness for the green and spectral light struggling through the thick water, you are enabled to discern where you are. My God! it is enough to make an earth-tried angel shudder, familiar though he may be with the wonder-workings of the Eternal. Look upward! There, forming a dismal curve over your head, and looming in the deceptive and unearthly light to a seeming distance of many hundred feet, moaning with that ceaseless anthem which trembles at their base, the rocks arise toward Heaven—covered with the green ooze of centuries—hanging in horrid shelves, and apparently on the very point of breaking with the weight of that accumulated sea which tumbles and howls over their upper verge! There is no scene of sublimity on earth comparable to this. You stand beneath the rushing tributaries from a hundred lakes; you seem to hear the wailings of imprisoned spirits, until, fraught and filled with the spirit of the scene, you exclaim—"THERE IS A GOD!—and this vast cataract, awful, overpowering as it is, is but a plaything of his hand!"

But if you would obtain the deepest and strongest thoughts of Niagara, do as I say. Observe the semicircular cataract on the Canada side from the *esplanade* of the Pavilion—But do not go down to the base of the Fall. Let the view remain upon your mind as a beautiful picture; keep the music in your ear; for it is a stern and many-toned music,

that you cannot choose but hear. Order the coachman to transport your luggage to the ferry below the Falls—some mile or so. There embark: you will be *frightened*, doubtless, as you gaze to the south, and see the awful torrent pouring down upon you; but you may take the word of the ferry-man, that for some dozen or twenty years he has never met with an accident: you may believe him, for the air of truth breathes through his large grim whiskers. You will see the waves curling their turbulent tops, and dark rocks emerging from their milky current and seething foam, within a yard of your prow—but be not afraid. You are soon at the foot of

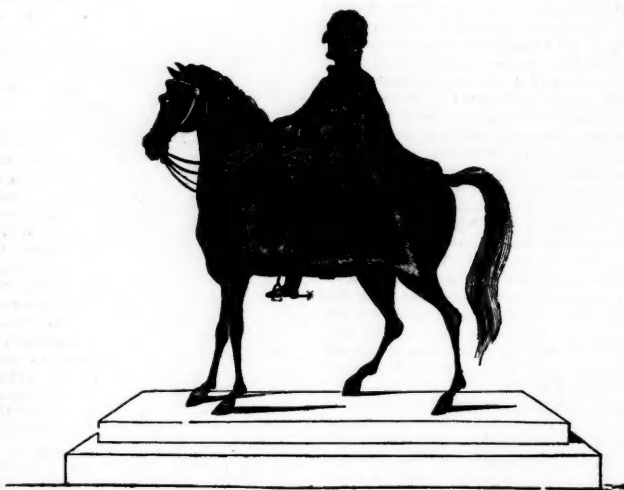
The American Stair-case.

And here, after all, kind reader, is the place for a view. Do not look about you much. Be content with the thunder in your ears, and wait until some practised and tasteful observer, kindly acting as your *cicerone*, bids you stop just at that point on the stair-

case where the plunging river, on the American side, dashes downward in its propulsive journey. There, by the onward plunge of the cataract, which bounds in a ridge over the abyss, describing as it were a circular fall, the view of Goat Island is completely cut off, and the whole sweep of the Falls—Canadian, American, and all—is seen at once; apparently one unbroken waste of stormy and tumultuous waters. You must be a *demigod*, if you can stand on that hallowed ground, shaking with the accents of a God, spanned with his bow, resounding with his strength, and laughing in his smile, without emotions of indescribable wonder:—

Here speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
Nor, with his vain aspirings, hither come;
That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods,
And with its presence shakes the distant woods;
These groaning rocks the Almighty's finger piled—
For ages here his painted bow has smiled;
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal,—beautiful—serene—sublime!

yes!



THE WOODEN FIGURE OF THE
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with the misunderstanding existing among the subscribers to the intended Wellington statue, as to the propriety of its being erected on the triumphal arch at Hyde Park-corner. On the 8th of August last, the effigy, made of wood, of which the above engraving is a correct representation, was placed on the said arch; but by whose orders, it is not

exactly known. Mr. Wyatt's friends deny the erection; nor is it exhibited by the direction of the sub-committee, nor with their sanction or concurrence. Doubtless it was placed there to see whether the site was proper for a statue. The arch seems made to be the pedestal of a group; and, as the Spectator observes, "whoever has stuck up the scenic effigy deserves thanks: it demonstrates two things,—that the position is a good one, and that a bad statue placed there would be an intolerable eye-sore."

The 'Majestic' is the 'Western boundary of the continent'!

NEW TERRITORY OF WISCONSIN.

[Of this district, towards which the tide of emigration at the present time runs so strongly in America, it may not be uninteresting to give the following description, which is from a letter that appeared in the *Boston Atlas*, and by us quoted from *The Hobart Town Courier*, as being a faithful account of the advantages of that district:—]

"Wisconsin is increasing with unprecedented celerity in wealth and population; and many years will not elapse before it will be found knocking at the gates of Congress for admission into the Union. The country west of the Mississippi, between the degrees of 41 and 42, is unsurpassed in the union of advantages, which claim the principal regard of the agriculturist. In specifying their advantages, I would name fertility of soil, healthiness of climate, and hydraulic power, usually so much wanting in the west. The timber and prairie lands exist in a more desirable relation to each other, giving the new settler choice of situation, in which the most fastidious may be pleased. As my attention has been more particularly directed to the present appearance, and future prospects embraced within the latitudinal limits referred to, or what should be more properly defined as the Lower Iowa District, I will not remark upon the more northern portion of this section of country, most improperly termed the Black Hawk Purchase. The general direction of the course of the Mississippi, which washes the eastern boundary of the sections of country under observation, is nearly a south-west; and within the named limits receives the waters of three considerable tributaries. The Lower Iowa meanders in a south-east course for 150 miles; the Wabispinicon having its source in the same beautiful region with the Iowa, and pursuing an easterly direction is received by the Mississippi in a direct north-east line above the mouth of the Iowa. Then comes the great Maquaqueitois, having similar sources, viz. from innumerable springs; and gradually magnifying itself into a river, like its two neighbours on the south, it is united to the "Father of Waters." Either of the three are sufficiently large for steamboat navigation, whenever any measures can be adopted to obviate the difficulty of shifting sandbars. Besides these, there are three or four others, of less consequence, which also empty their waters into the Mississippi. The country abounds with fine springs, and where they do not raise the surface it is seldom necessary to excavate more than ten or twelve feet to procure the best of water. Twelve months ago this country had few or no actual settlers, and now there are many, and the emigration will not cease, till every acre of land, suitable for farming, is tilled. The woodlands are usually called groves, though

some of them contain ten or twelve thousand acres. They are designated by some characteristic feature, or, may be, receive their names from the first settlers. Being surrounded by the prairie, there is an idea of vastness united with the appearance of exclusiveness, which renders the place enviable when contrasted with the limited domains of the New England farmer; who, I am of opinion, would be astonished to witness the little preparation necessary for cultivation in our vicinity. Every person moving here with the intention of cultivating, seldom comes with less than from six to ten yoke of oxen, which is termed a prairie team; and as soon as he finds a location to please himself, he builds a cabin for his family on the borders of his grove or timber land, and at once strikes into the prairie with his plough, which is so constructed, that it is not necessary for any person to follow it. Thus one man, or as often a boy, turns over two acres per day, and does not consider that he has made a fair beginning until he has eighty or one hundred acres ploughed and under fence; all of which he accomplishes in a few weeks. To speak of the wonderful productions of the western lands would only be directing your attention to a trite subject. I do not believe the cultivator would desire a more abundant compensation for his labour, or it might, with more propriety, be termed a gratuity; for the harvest is a thousand times more than equivalent for the labour invested. The difficulty that is experienced in the interior of Indiana and Illinois for the want of purchasers of produce, will never be felt here. The Mississippi is ever a ready market for every kind of produce. To the admirers of nature there cannot be any country more worthy of their admiration, as there can be none where nature has been more liberal of her charms. The hand that creates holds out great inducements to such as have capacities to benefit, and properly appreciate its beauties and its splendours. Towns no doubt will, at some future period, be required to do the business of the country; and there are some in a state of infancy, which must thrive from their being "strong points;" and which are hardly known on paper, being indebted for their existence to the present rather than to the prospective necessity of the country. Among this number, no one is more worthy of being named than Rockingham. Situated on the Mississippi, directly opposite the mouth of the Rock River, and possessing exclusively the advantage of its trade, as well as being a central position in her own flourishing territory. One concedes but a merited tribute, in speaking much in its praise, even if it were done at the expense of Stephenson and Rock Island city; the former being situated on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, three miles above the mouth of Rock River, and the latter

The Mississippi is the western boundary of it is correct!

prettily staked out on an eminence three miles up *Rock River*. Twenty miles in the interior, in the midst of a flourishing settlement of two hundred families, there are one or two towns which recently attracted some notice; the most flourishing of which is appropriately called *Centreville*; so that every section of the district will build up for itself such places as the extent of its business may require. If you have a surplus population of any number, who are not too indolent to fashion their fortunes by industry and perseverance, to such men we will extend a hearty welcome. But we want no drones; nor dealers in wooden nutmegs."

New Books.

FISK'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

(Continued from page 125.)

Manufacture of Mosaic Work, in Rome.

THIS ingenious and pleasing work of art is much practised in Rome. The chief manufactory of this kind is in the hands of government, and conducted in some of the lower apartments of the Vatican. The shading is by small pieces of glass, coloured in all the distinguishable varieties of shade, and there are many more than might at first be imagined. We visited the establishment, and saw the process with all the materials. The coloured glass was arranged in a prescribed order, according to the colours and varieties, to the number of twenty thousand different shades. Some of these pieces are extremely small: to form a picture, they are all set in a case prepared according to the size of the picture, and over which is spread a composition of marble dust, fine sand, gum, oil, and the white of eggs, which, being at first soft, receives readily the selected particles that are inserted to form the shades of the picture; it grows harder, however, by time; and, when the picture is finished and sufficiently indurated, it is polished, and thus a picture is transferred from the surface of the flexible and fading canvass, to a substance as hard as marble, and as durable as the imperishable materials of which it is formed, and as fadeless as it is durable. It is the transferring of a picture to the very substance of a manufactured article, like tapestry; but while the latter fades and decays, the former endures and resists the assaults of time. Like tapestry, however, it is a slow and costly process: some of these mosaic pictures cost several years of labour. One picture was shown us which employed twelve men eight years. All that is wanting as an artist, or, more properly, a manufacturer in this department, is a little experience, a mechanical exactness of habit, and, as the phrenologists would say, a good development of the organ of colour.

A Visit to Adrian's Villa.

This is situated at the foot of the mountain, at Tivoli, about one half mile from the main road. This villa, as it has been called, must have been almost a city, for it had theatres, temples, and public buildings in great abundance. Doubtless it was erected early in the second century of the Christian era, for the Emperor Adrian, by whom it was designed and built, died in 117. The design of the excellent, talented, and tasteful emperor, seems to have been to unite, in one single collection, many of the most intellectual and classical associations of Greece, and something also of Egypt. Hence he had the vale of Tempe, the river Peneus, the Elysian Fields, the entrance into the infernal regions, and the like. For edifices, he had what he called the Lyceum, the Academia of Plato, the Prytaneum, &c. &c. In this classical villa were a Greek and Latin library, and several splendid temples, the ruins of which are still seen. The temples are generally arched over at the tops, like the Pantheon at Rome. The temple of Serapis, a great portion of whose masonry walls still remain, is an edifice of this kind. Behind the niches where the statues of the gods were placed, is a vacant space, which seems to have been entered by a secret passage from the top. Here, it is supposed, the priests were accustomed to conceal themselves, to give responses in answer to those who consulted the oracles, by which the ignorant multitude were deceived into the idea that the voice came from the god himself. From this temple much of the Egyptian statuary was taken. In fact, the works of art, and especially the sculpture taken from Adrian's Villa, have enriched more than one gallery, and more than one city or state, with some of the finest specimens of antiquity. In the Temple of Venus, we were shown the very niche from which the celebrated *Venus de Medicis*, now at Florence, was taken. In addition to the buildings already mentioned, there were two theatres and two amphitheatres. The latter, however, are more generally supposed to be *naumachia*, or places for the exhibition of naval combats or games; these were supposed to be filled with water at pleasure for this purpose, and around them are *logia*, or galleries, still standing, where the spectators were placed to behold these exhibitions; and underneath these *logia* were shops, still in a state of fine preservation, where they sold refreshments, &c. The most perfect rooms now remaining are the *Cento Camerelle*, or *One Hundred Chambers*, as they are called. They were the military barracks or lodges of the Prætorian guard.

The most extensive edifice, or rather range of edifices, was the imperial palace, many parts of which still remain but partially impaired; here were the royal chambers, the

saloons, the courts, the corridors, the gardens, the baths, and even, in one part, the prisons, all grand and majestic, though in ruins. The entire suite of architectural ruins belonging to this palace, must, I think, cover a number of acres. One of the courts has a subterranean corridor quite round it, lighted by oblique windows slanting outward and upward into the court; the corridor is arched, and lined with a coat of stucco, which is now hard as marble. But I must not dwell upon these ruins in detail; they are too numerous and extensive to be minutely described. The villa, it is said, extended over three miles in length, by one in breadth; and, indeed, what less could we expect when the Elysian Fields, the descent to the infernal regions, the temples of the principal deities, the schools of the philosophers, the public libraries, theatres and amphitheatres, and the imperial palace and gardens, with all their necessary appendages, were to be exhibited in connexion? How Adrian, amid all his other duties and studies, could find time to plan and execute this work, is surprising, when we reflect especially that he spent the first thirteen years out of the twenty-one of his reign in travelling over his vast empire, from Spain and the British Isles in the west to Asia in the east; and that, in the remaining eight years, he was diligently engaged in his private studies, in making laws, and in managing the affairs of his empire. He was indeed, a most extraordinary man, both in physical strength and in intellectual endowments, and, I might add, in moral virtues. Hence, in wandering among the ruins of his villa, the associations and historical reminiscences afford a much greater pleasure than when contemplating the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and of the *golden house* of Nero on the Palatine Hill in Rome. You feel that you are treading in the steps of a virtuous man, as well as of an illustrious prince and a sage philosopher. As you pass over the grounds of his extended *stoa*, you say, Here he walked and philosophized; and at the libraries, here he pursued his literary studies; and here, at the temples, he worshipped. It is true, he was not a Christian, but he became favourable to Christianity. He put an end to the persecutions that had raged against it under former emperors; and he thought so favourably of Jesus Christ, that he had serious thoughts, it is said, of admitting him among the number of the gods!

Another circumstance which enhances the pleasure of contemplating these ruins is the solitude that prevails around. In Rome you find crowding around the desolations of antiquity the busy multitude of a modern race. The Pantheon and various other ancient edifices are modern churches; the Temple of Antoninus Pius is a custom-house: the

Temple of Pallas is a baker's shop; and the ancient Forum, with its nodding columns, and crumbling temples, is a market-place! But here you have no such intrusions; solitude reigns over these ruins; not even the farmer with his plough, nor the gardener with his spade, is allowed to break in upon the wildness and solitude of the scene. The wild chamois may feed here, and "the fox may dig his hole unscared." Forest trees have sprung up in every direction, overhanging the ruins and giving additional gloom to the picture. Nothing served more to impress upon the mind a vivid conception of the antiquity of the ruins than the sight of a stately pine, from two and a half to three feet diameter, growing in the centre of one of the courts of the imperial palace. Others of the same character are seen in different parts of the ground. But the tree that best chimes in with the genius of the place, and which is very abundant here, is the tall perennial cypress. They shoot up in gloomy majesty in different parts of these grounds, like silent sentinels keeping their watch over the consecrated ruins.

We hung around these relics of former grandeur until sunset; the shadows of the broken arches were deepened, the hollow winds moaned through the trees; the sensations of this hour were indescribable; it was the deepening of feelings that had long been gathering strength, as I had for months been holding communion with the ages of antiquity, and had become more and more assimilated into the spirit of these associations. The musings of that hour were a kind of enchantment, and made me almost wish for some lodge in this "lone wilderness," this extended contiguity of ruins, where, undisturbed, I might muse upon the fading glories of a changing and a transitory world. The last of the company, and with much reluctance, I at length, as the shades came on, broke away from the attractions, leaving the sighing winds to chant through another night, as they have done through the successive nights of by-gone centuries, the melancholy dirge of *Adrian's Villa in Ruins*.

A STALE LOAF.

THE antiquary may be gratified with the sight of a loaf of bread upwards of 700 years old. It was included in a grant of the crown in the reign of King John, and has remained with the writings of the estate in the Soar's family, of Ambaston, in Derbyshire, ever since. Our Kegworth Correspondent says, he has seen and handled it at intervals during the last fifty years, and finds no alteration, except what may have arisen from the pillering of a few crumbs by the curious.—*Notts. Review*, Aug. 1838.

EIGHTH MEETING OF THE
BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 18, 1888.

THE first meeting of the General Committee, which always precedes the scientific business of the Association, was held at the County-court, in the Moot Hall, Professor Whewell, Vice-President, in the chair. The attendance of members was large, and amongst those present were the Marquis of Northampton, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Cole, M.P., Sir John Herschell, C. Lemon, and Dr. Robinson, Professors Babbage, Seacock, and Wheatstone, Colonels Sykes and Briggs, &c.

The following list of the officers of Sections recommended by the Council, was approved of by the meeting, to whom they were severally put.

Section A.—Mathematics and Physics.—President, Sir John Herschell; Vice-Presidents, Sir David Brewster, Sir W. Hamilton, Dr. Robinson, and Mr. F. Bailey; Secretaries, Major Sabine, Rev. Professor Chevalier, and Professor M'Culloch.

Section B.—Chymistry and Mineralogy.—President, Rev. W. Whewell; Vice-President, Dr. T. Thompson, and Dr. Daubeny.

Section C.—Geology and Geography.—President, Professor Lyell for Geology, and Lord Prudhoe for Geography; Vice-President, Dr. Buckland.

Section D.—Zoology and Botany.—President, Sir William Jardine; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Greville, the Rev. L. Jenyns, and the Rev. F. W. Hope; Secretaries, Mr. G. E. Gray, F.R.S., Professor Owen, and Dr. Richardson.

Section E.—Medical Science.—President, Dr. Headlam, the Mayor of Newcastle; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Clark, Mr. J. Fife, and Dr. Yellowly.

Section F.—Statistics.—President, Colonel Sykes, F.R.S.; Vice-Presidents, Sir C. Lemon, Messrs. C. R. Porter, and C. W. Bigge.

Section G.—Mechanics.—President, Mr. Babbage; Vice-Presidents, Sir J. Robinson, Messrs. B. Donkin and G. Stevenson.

Newcastle, August 21, 1888. — The business of the several Sections commenced yesterday, shortly after 11 o'clock. The Committee of each Section met in rooms adjacent to the respective Section rooms.

We shall proceed to notice the transactions of the day according to alphabetical order, adopted by the Association in the arrangement of their Sections.

Section A.—Mathematics and Physics.—Met in the Lecture Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, the whole of whose elegant apartments in Westgate-

street have been placed at the disposal, and are appropriated to the convenience, of the Members of the Association, as are the Central Exchange, County Court, Town Hall, Assembly Rooms, Savings' Bank, in the Arcade; Surgeons' Hall, Music Hall, and the old Academy of Arts.

In Section B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy,—the following was the order of business:—

Professor Thompson—Notice on Dierse-niate of Iron.

J. Richardson—On the Composition of Sphe-ne.

M. Scanlan—On the Action of Light on Nitrate of Silver.

Observations on the Con-struction of Commercial Carbonate of Am-monia.

J. Murray.—On the waters of the Dead Sea.

Mr. Exley.—On the Specific Gravity of Nitrogen, Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Chlorine, and Vapours of Sulphur, Arsenic, and Phos-phorus.

Section C.—Geology and Geography.

1. Notes on a Bone Cave near Cheddar, in Somersetshire, containing human as well as other Animal Bones, by William Long, Esq.

2. Observations on the Newcastle Coal District, by John Buddle, Esq., Vice-Presi-dent of the Section.

Section D.—Zoology and Botany.

1. On the Fish of Surinam with four eyes, by William Harrison Clarke, Esq., and John Mortimer, of Aldermanbury, London.

2. On the Botany of the Channel Islands, by C.C. Babington, Esq., M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

3.—I. W. C. Trevellyn, Esq., exhibited Specimens, living and in spirits, of *Colum-batrix* of the Italian Naturalists which appear to differ from the English species.

2. A Species of *Ustrea* gathered in Elba.

3. A Collection of coleopterous insects from Naples, and some other specimens of Natural History.

4. John Eder Gray, Esq.—On a new Species of Shell found on the Coast of Nor-thumberland, by Miss Mark, and on some rare shells of the same coast.

Section E.—Medical Science.—President, Dr. Headlam, the Mayor of Newcastle.

Mr. Farr.—On the Law of Mortality in Cholera.

Section F.—Statistics.—President, Colo-nel Sykes, F.R.S., Vice-president of the Statistical Society of London.

1.—Newcastle Police Returns, by John Stephens, Superintendent of Police.

2.—Statistical View of Mining Industry;

in France, by G. R. Porter, Esq. of the Board of Trade.

3.—Statistics of Vitality in Cadiz, by the President of the Section.

Section G.—Mechanical Science. — President, Professor Babbage.

On taking the chair, the President of this Section, in a short, appropriate, and well-received address, intimated the wish of the Committee, as well as his own, that as the object of the Meeting is to promote Science, with a view to economize time, no inquiry should be permitted as to the original inventor of any object brought before the Section, but that its merits only should be discussed.

The business of the Section then commenced, by a paper from the inventor being read, explanatory of Mr. Joseph Garnett's Invention and Improvement of Telegraphs; for which communication the thanks of the Section were voted to the inventor; as was done in the following instances, completing the day's business before this, the last Section, viz. :

Mr. Thomas Sopwith.—Instruments to facilitate the projection of objects Isometrically.

Mr. J. Scott Russell.—Resistance of Fluids to Vessels.

Mr. G. Webb Hall.—Economization of Heat for Domestic Purposes.

Mr. Peter Nicholson.—Construction of Oblique Bridges.

Mr. William Greener.—Materials and construction of Steam Boilers.

Sir John Robison.—Pump Buckets for Mines, when the quality of the water forbids the use of Metals; invented by a Swedish Engineer.

Mr. Thomas Sopwith.—Improved method of constructing large Writing and Drawing Tables.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY and BOTANY.

(From the Times.)

Mr. W. H. Clarke, of Liverpool, read a paper on a fish of Surinam, with four eyes, which, although previously unknown to zoologists, was met with in large shoals off some parts of the coast of Surinam, the water sometimes assuming a dark colour from their presence. Two of the eyes are in the usual position, but on the crown of the head there is a protuberance like the horn of a buffalo, in which there are two other organs of vision which move alternately with the former. It has a singular mode of escape from its enemies, for when alarmed it retreats to the bottom with its head upwards, and, by the aid of its dorsal fins, buries its body in the sand; but in this position they are

frequently decapitated in large shoals by the ground shark, which is their most inveterate enemy. It possesses various Indian native names, one of which is "Food for the Chiefs," so that it appears to resemble the white bait of the River Thames. It was considered by the meeting that there was not sufficient authority to prove it a distinct species.

SECTION C.—GEOLOGY and GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Long read an interesting communication descriptive of a bone cave near Cheddar, in Somersetshire, containing human as well as other animal bones. The fact of human bones being found imbedded in any old formation was always worthy of notice, from the rarity of their occurrence, and the interest excited when these were found in connexion with extinct animals. The cave is situated in limestone-rock, and 30 ft. in depth. On the first entrance, it has the appearance of lofty chambers, tapering into an archway, which opens again into lofty chambers, on the bottom of which are found human skulls and bones, mixed with those of boars, deer, oxen, &c., imbedded in soil evidently of remote origin, and containing very few fossils, which are, however, very abundant in the rocks above. Professor Sedgwick remarked that he had not personally visited the locality, but always looked with suspicion at cases where the association of human bones with those of other animals of extinct species was sought to be established. The occurrence of human bones in caverns might be readily explained without their being coincident with the rock, and no argument could be drawn from it for changing the present system of geologists, in which the existence of bones belonging to the human species along with those of extinct species of animals had not been established. Professor Lyell mentioned that this subject had been minutely examined by eminent French geologists, who had found in a cavern in the south of France human bones associated with those of the rhinoceros and elephant; the latter were of living genera though extinct species. It was a singular fact that some pieces of pottery found along with those bones led them to examine a tumulus in the neighbourhood, where they found pieces of pottery of the same description, as also bones of the ox, ass, and goat, but none of the extinct rhinoceros or elephant. The circumstance of human bones being found in connexion with those of animals was no proof that they were coeval, but only that they were of high antiquity, though not referable to a geological era.

To be continued: it being our intention of giving a complete Synopsis of those subjects which may be deemed interesting to the general reader.

The Public Journals.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

[A VERY interesting paper in the *Quarterly Review* concludes as follows:—]

A word of explanation on one historical point of some interest—which it is well should be settled in season—and we have done. We have alluded to the fact that the late passage of the Atlantic by steam was by no means the first achievement of the kind. When we have spoken of the success of these new boats in strong terms, it has not been with the thought of encouraging such an impression; and we certainly do not think it of the least moment, so far as British honour is concerned, that such an impression should prevail. All admit, that the mere fact of a solitary steam-vessel crossing the ocean some twenty years ago—whether by steam, or by sails, or both, and with whatever purpose in view—is of little importance, as compared with the undertaking and the establishment of such an enterprise, in such a manner as to make it the grand, regular medium of communication, and the growing source of immense results, never before dreamed of, between America and Europe. This is the credit claimed, in the present instance, by British courage, energy, and skill. This the Americans allow us, and they may afford to do it. They have themselves, even in the same field, done enough to content ambition: they have taken up this scheme, in its present stage, with their usual spirit, and without a moment's hesitation or delay. Unreasonable circumstances, in their pecuniary situation, more, perhaps, than any thing else, may have prevented them from snatching this last honour from British hands: the conception itself was no new, crude, chimerical notion to them.

They have been too much accustomed to steam-movements on a grand scale to be taken by surprise with this. Not only did Fitch, of Philadelphia, half a century ago, predict, with perfect confidence, the establishment of Atlantic steam-navigation, but performances of substantially much the same character, as regards risk, have for many years been actually going on before the eyes of the American public, (as, indeed, to some extent, also of ours.) A few months since we noticed this paragraph in a New York journal:—

"The *British steamer*, 'Sir Lionel Smith,' for which so much anxiety has been felt, reached this port yesterday, in fifteen days, from St. Thomas."

Along the extensive coasts, and up the vast rivers, of the United States, the nature of their steam-operations is well known. At New Orleans they were talking, a year or two since, (as well as at New York,) of

establishing this connexion with Europe by steam; and the project seemed to have been abandoned merely on account of the "crisis." A British passage across was made last winter by the "*City of Kingston*," intended for a Jamaica and Carthagena mail-packet, we think. She, too, was much talked of as the first which had crossed. It seems, however, that she put in at Madeira on her way. It is also well ascertained, that three steam-vessels, at least, had crossed—all the way—before her. Two of these were the *Royal William*, built at Quebec, for the trade between that port and Halifax, which was sold some years ago to the crown of Portugal for 12,000*l.*, (and which we ourselves happened to see in Boston harbour, five or six years ago, when just arrived from Liverpool *via* Halifax); and the *Cape Breton*, which was built at Greenock or Glasgow, and sent out to Pictou, for the use of a mining company. But the vessel to which the real honour of first crossing, such as it is, must doubtless be awarded, was the *Savannah*; thus alluded to in the *Times* of May 11, 1819:—

"*Great Experiment*.—A new steam-vessel, of 300 tons, has been built at New York, for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come to Liverpool direct."

And she did reach Liverpool accordingly, on the 20th of June; coming, moreover, direct from Savannah, in twenty-six days. We have seen it stated, that this vessel used her steam only when she failed to make four knots the hour by sailing; but these particulars, as we said before, are hardly worthy of notice. After a somewhat enthusiastic reception at Liverpool, she proceeded to Stockholm, where Bernadotte went on board, and made the captain sundry presents, significant of his royal gratification. The Emperor of Russia visited her also at Cronstadt, and gave his host a silver tea-kettle, which he retains, as a trophy of his adventure, to this day.

To these, we believe, might be added the *Curaçoa*, which is said to have gone over direct from Holland to Surinam, in 1828, making the voyage from off Dover in twenty-four days.

GLASS-MAKING AND COINING AT BIRMINGHAM.

A GREAT manufacturing town, with high chimneys smoking in all directions—the houses and shops, great and small, being of a dirty reddish hue, and seeming only subordinate and auxiliary to the manufactories—but few people to be seen in the streets, which were bad and dirty; add to all this, the thick, hazy, smoke-laden atmosphere, and the small searching rain coming down unintermittingly—and you may sup-

pose that there was nothing particularly calculated to elate our spirits. We were, however, exceedingly interested in the several manufactories which we visited. The first was a glass-house—how dark and hot it was!—especially when contrasted with the cold and wet without. Of course you and many of your readers must have seen a glass-house; I shall not, therefore, trouble you with a description of it. I know, however, and you can guess, what the intense and blasting furnace, which, out of small apertures, shot its lurid rays through the gloom, reminded one of—but will not mention it to “ears polite.” It is curious to see a swart fellow poke a long hollow rod into the furnace, attach to the end of it a small quantity of the pliant mass, all red and glowing—blow it out, roll it about a little—and lo, in a twinkling, a saltcellar, a tumbler, a wine-glass, a decanter! In another part of the works a great number of women were grinding glass for lamps, &c. &c., an operation which seemed to me to require both care and dexterity. A third department was that of the glass-cutters, most of whom were little boys, who sat at their respective machines, working as gravely, silently, and methodically, as their fathers. This, also, is an interesting process. The last room was an outer one, on the door of which might have been inscribed,—“Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,” for in it two elderly women were busily engaged sorting and most carefully washing, all the broken glass of the establishment, for the purpose of its being used up again. *Practice*, of course, *makes perfect*, but I shuddered to see the haste and recklessness with which they handled the sharp fragments—thrusting their hands into great baskets-full as carelessly as a child into the heaps of pebbles on the seashore. One of them informed me that she had not cut her hand, nor hardly scratched it, for a twelvemonth.

The next place which we visited, I hardly know how to describe. It consisted of extensive premises, principally occupied by a very large steam-engine, at full work when we entered, whose powers were chiefly applied to the rolling of brass, iron, and copper, into rods, bars, and plates, even of the greatest tenacity. They rolled a penny piece—save us from the Attorney-General!—into a thin slip of copper, some third of an inch in width, and I don’t know how many yards in length. I shuddered as I stood in the midst of the machinery—immense wheels and cylinders all in full action, the former whirling round sixty times a minute, and keeping in rapid motion a vast number of smaller ones, which again communicated motion to numerous other portions of the machinery, some of them very remote, and belonging to various persons in different trades, who rented the

use of the steam-engine of the proprietor of it—all working at the same moment. Whilst I was gazing in silent apprehension at the tremendous fly-wheel making its fearfully rapid revolutions, a shrill whistle was heard, and within a moment or two, every thing was at an absolute stand-still. Notice had been given that some small matter required rectifying. So easily is this huge agent controlled! I always feel great nervousness when amidst steam-machinery—a horror of being suddenly entangled and crushed to death, as I heard, on this occasion, of one or two frightful instances; and, gathering the tails of my surtout closely around me, I “walked circumspectly,” and with some trepidation, close past the enormous fly-wheel, already mentioned, and whose motions it made one dizzy to look at. The process of rolling out the metal was the most striking of those I witnessed. Fancy two solid cylinders, of polished steel or iron, placed parallel horizontally, rolling round, say one set within three inches of one another, the next an inch, &c. Between them is pushed a solid bar of copper or iron, which, in passing through, of course suffers a certain degree of attenuation, and comes out proportionally flattened and elongated. Thus it would be passed between cylinders closer and closer together, till, if required, it might be reduced to the tenuity of tinfoil! As I stood watching the men who, with such an indifferent, and apparently careless air, thrust the metal between these rapidly revolving cylinders, I could not help a frequent shudder at the possibility of their fingers going a little too far, as had several times been the case. In one of the rooms attached to the central one, in which the engine stood, were a number of boys and women, sitting each at their machine, making iron heels for boots and shoes. How easily and rapidly it was done! the little straight bars of iron seemed like wax in the hands of a mere boy or girl, who moulded them into the proper shape, and punched the nail-holes in, and polished the rim, with surprising rapidity.—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Extraordinary Blind Man.—Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 3, says—“A certain blind man, well known in Dhulboy, died during my residence there. Among various talents, he could generally discover hidden treasure, whether buried in the earth, or concealed under water; and possessed the faculty of diving and continuing a long time in that element, without inconvenience. As he never commenced a search without stipulating for one-third of the value restored, he had, by this occupation, maintained an aged father, a wife, and several children. A goldsmith having a quarrel with his wife, she, in

revenge, took her husband's plate and jewels, and threw them into a well, but which was uncertain. This blind man was applied to, he stipulating to receive one-third of the value for his trouble. After a short search, he found the treasure at the bottom of a well. The goldsmith objected afterwards to pay the blind man, who appealed to the court of adawlet, who decreed him one-third of the property."

Professor Carlisle, in one of his Lectures on Anatomy, observed, that the deeper mankind dive into anatomy, the more intricate and perplexing it appears. How the *mind* influences and operates upon the muscles, said he, is still unknown. If it be advanced, that it is by the aid of electricity, then what power directs that electricity? Nature has here set up a barrier against the frail inquiries of human nature. The wonderful mechanism of the body can only be ascribed to the wisdom of one great cause.

Two Golden Reasons why Nations should not go to War.

1. The interests of all nations being in harmony with each other, every measure tending to lessen production in one nation, tends also to lessen the reward of both labourer and capitalist in every other nation; and every nation that tends to increase it, tends to increase the reward of the labourer and capitalist in every other nation.

2. It is, therefore, the interest of all, that universal peace should prevail, whereby the waste of population and of capital should be arrested, and that the only strife among nations should be, to determine which should make the most rapid advances in those peaceful arts which tend to increase the comforts and enjoyments of the human race.—*Carey's Principles of Political Economy.*

Cooper, the American Novelist's Opinion of Sir Walter Scott: extracted from the American Monthly Magazine, July 1838.—"We state—and with positive knowledge—that Mr. Cooper has asseverated openly that Sir Walter Scott died a drunkard. Every man, who respects the illustrious memory of the great literary benefactor of his race, should make common cause in compelling the defamer to eat his words—words slanderous, false, and malignant. We trust that the slander will reach the ears of Sir Walter's friends in England, (and they are all the reading public,) so that the utterer of it may be soundly whipt of justice whenever he bares himself to the lash by cobbling up his old journals into the shape of a book."

Death of Hyde, Lord Clarendon.—Persecuted; deprived, for a long time, by the mandate of Charles, of the society of his children; by the same mandate driven from place to place; in sickness, and in any thing

but wealth, Clarendon passed seven years of exile in the most persevering literary industry; and, after completing his masterly vindication of the ungrateful Stuarts, died, at Rouen, on the 9th of December, 1674, in the 65th year of his age. He rests in Westminster Abbey without a monument, and even without an inscription to mark the place of his interment.

A Locomotive Village.—The Messrs. Lyons, coachmakers of this city, are building a small moveable village for the Utica and Syracuse Railroad. This company have now on their road two steam-engines, which drive the piles upon which the road is built, and saw them off at the proper level; the rails are then laid, and the road completed as they go along. The "village," consisting of a number of neat-looking cottages, is to be placed on the road, in rear of the pile-drivers, for dwelling-houses for the mechanics and labourers on the road. Improvements will never stop; and we shall yet see the time when one may take a tea-kettle in his hand, put a few chips in his pocket, get across a broomstick, and go where he pleases.—*Utica Democrat.*

The following singular discovery was made a short time since, in the Blaen-y-nant lead-mine, situated near Mold, Flintshire:—At the end of one of the levels, the workmen were surprised by an immense rush of water suddenly bursting in upon them. After three days the water totally disappeared; and, on proceeding to the place, they found an opening of about four inches in diameter. Having enlarged the aperture, so as to admit of their passing through, they discovered the bed of a subterraneous river, which probably affords the principal supply to St. Winifred's Well, at Holywell, from which it is distant about twelve miles. In exploring the stream, which was shallow, they discovered, on both sides of it, several large caverns; from the roofs and sides of which were suspended numerous beautiful specimens of white spar, or stalactites. W. G. C.

Russian Court Dress.—The national dress of Russia, which was introduced at court by the present empress, consists of a white chemise with white sleeves, and a sarafan, or robe, without sleeves. The head-dress is a lofty crown, ornamented with pearls and jewels, from which hangs a large transparent veil. On holidays and fêtes, the peasant girls of Great Russia wear, in addition, a short silk mantle, sometimes bordered with fur, or down; and, for ear-rings, small red pearls, strung in a triangular form.—W. G. C.

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